W. H. Bartlett.

H. Osborne.

THE CASTLES OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

Engraved for the Christian Parlor Magazine.

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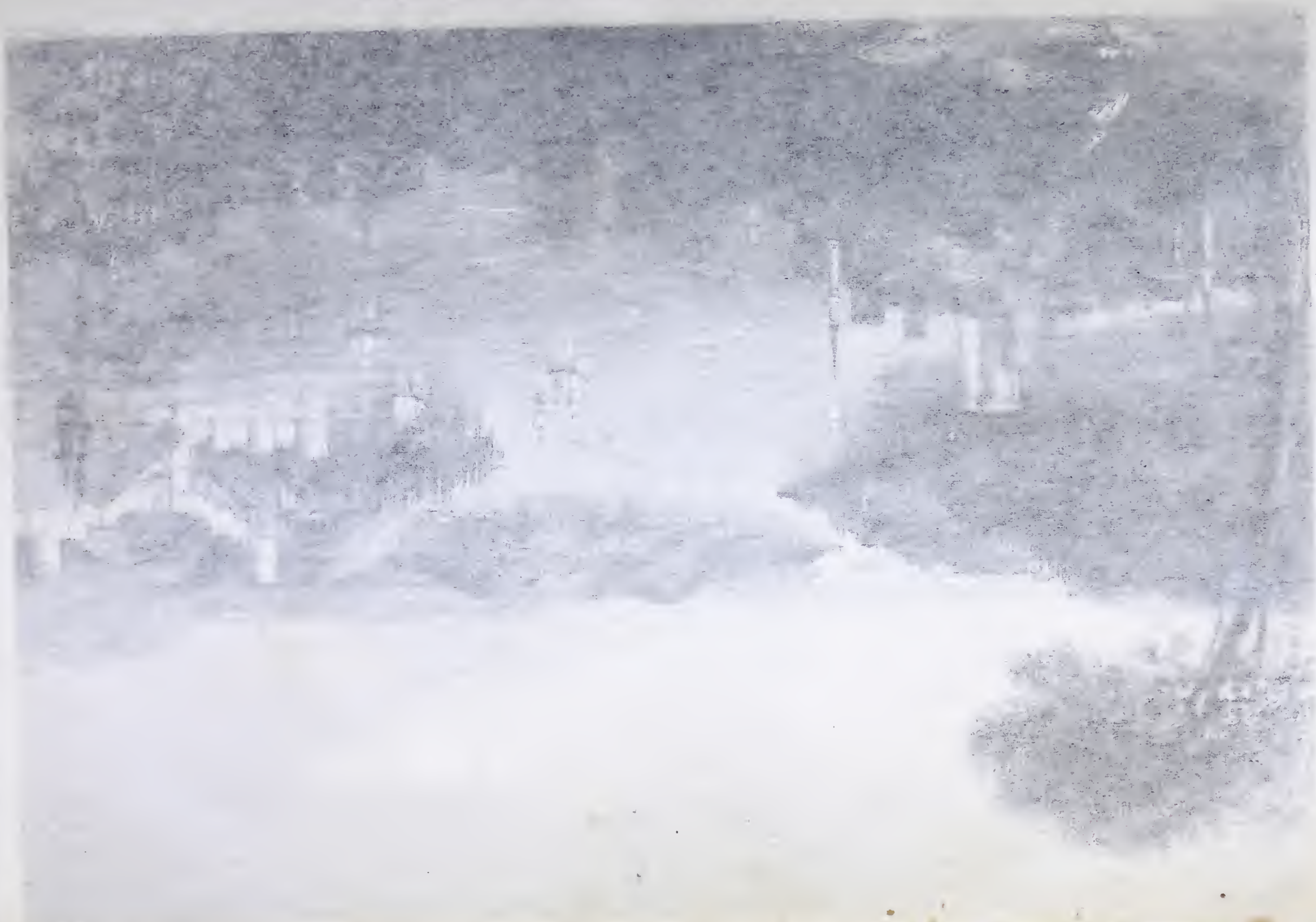

The Star Lichnedia.

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1846.

JULIA:

A TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

PART I.

The world has witnessed nothing so wonderful as the propagation of the religion of Christ. Some men object to miracles, and scoff at them; but the greatest and the most astonishing miracle that was ever known, is to be found in the setting up of a new and strange religion by a "carpenter's son," and its irresistible spread throughout the world by the "fishermen of Galilee." It was intended to contradict and upset every system before preached; its tendency was to uproot the vileness and depravity of idolatry, with which the world was full; its design was to lay the foundation and build up a superstructure of mildness and peace, without blood, in a world that bled before at a thousand altars—to humble man and exalt God. And before this meek system man's pride bowed down, and in spite of persecution and opposition, onward it marched to victory. No wonder that proud men opposed it, and bloody men persecuted its followers, for it interfered with their lusts and passions, and chained their consciences.

It began at Jerusalem, where its founder was crucified. It progressed gradually westward, till at length in Rome, idolatrous and bloody Rome, Paul preached Christ. It was a new thing in that city; but Paul was not restrained. The first germs of the Christian religion were not calculated to excite much apprehension in this city of the gods. It was noiseless; and although it discountenanced idolatry, yet it did not give rise to a fear that Jupiter or Venus would ever fall before Jesus. Step by step, however, it gained ground. The poor first embraced it, for to them and the slave it promised rest, and an inheritance, and freedom, in Heaven. To them it came with healing and with a promise of joy. But it stopped not with them. The noble and the rich felt its influence, and Christians were found in the palace of Nero.

Now the idolaters began to fear, and the idols to tremble. The priests were roused. Shall our gods be derided, and held up to scorn, and a crucified Jew be preferred! Away with the worshippers of the Nazarene! The emperor joined in the cry. The rival God had been the rival of Rome, and had called himself "King of the Jews," the title that belonged to Cæsar. Would not his followers claim for him the name, at least, and might they not acquire strength enough to place one of their number, perhaps this mighty Paul, upon the very throne of the Cæsars? Away with the very name, then, from the earth!

Persecution sprang at once to life and full growth, and the world set itself in open and hostile array against Christ. Nero, the bloody-minded emperor, was on the throne. Now was the time to crush the new religion at once. But the more it was persecuted, the more it grew, and Rome, fired by the emperor to heap new calumny on the Christians, found by that very act the numbers of the despised sect only increased.

In an obscure part of Rome lived the artisan Marcianus. Of humble birth, and educated only for the trade at which he labored, and which furnished bread to his wife and children, he knew no aspirations beyond the supply of life's ordinary wants. He had been a slave. In his first manhood he had been trained for, and had fought in, the gladiatorial shows, and he bore now, in maturer age, the scars and marks of those bloody sports. But he had long been a freedman, and had raised up around him a family of hardy sons, who were trained by him to swing the lusty hammer at the anvil, and to glory in the arts of peace. Many a sigh had some of them heaved, as they thought of the glory to be gained in the arena, and their hearts had often leaped with a sudden thrill, as the deafening shout of an hundred thousand spectators burst forth from the crowded amphitheatre, where the bloody sports of Rome were acting. But one sad look from the old man they all loved and honored, would chasten down any such aspirations as those they felt, if it did not reconcile them entirely to their life of obscurity.

The old man had heard Paul preach, and in the simplicity of his soul he had yielded his heart to the mild doctrines of the cross. He was one of the first converts to Christianity who had heard Paul preach in his chains, and he now could gather around him hundreds of his own class, whose hard and cruel hearts had renounced their heathenism, and had bowed to the crucified Nazarene. All his sons, like him, were Christians; but the blood flowed in their young veins more warmly than in his, and they could not so easily curb the natural thirst of the human heart. Yet the time came when, one by one, they had opportunity to stand in the arena that they had so much longed for, and fight—not for the gladiator's reward, but the crown that fadeth not—not for their own fame, but for the glory of the cross in which they trusted. They died martyrs to their faith, under the cruel Nero; and the old man, with his youngest only, had, by a strange Providence, been left; and though the blood-thirsty emperor still waged the war of persecution, and put large numbers of Christians to death, still Marcianus and his youngest son escaped.

Almost all Rome was collected in the amphitheatre. A number of Christians were to be given that day to the wild beasts, and, by the orders of the emperor, the powerful Numidian lion, that had recently been added to his already immense collection, had been kept several days without food, that he might be rendered more ravenous. Twelve Christians were to be exposed, unarmed, to his fury. High and loud ascended the shouts of the infuriated populace, that told how faithfully the powerful beast did his duty. The artisan and his son were not there. Their lusty hammers rung upon the anvil with unwonted energy, for they wished to drown the shouts that told of the torture of their brethren, and they prayed in silence that the true God would support them. They thought, too, of the victims that had perished from their own family, yet neither spoke, though they read each other's thought, as their eyes met, whenever a new shout from the amphitheatre told of a new sacrifice. They did not listen, nor turn their eyes to see the frequent passers by on their way to the grand show, or they would have seen looks of dark suspicion, and heard words of ominous import, for it was strange on that holiday of all Rome to see two artisans, and those connected with men who had died for being Christians, busy at their ordinary avocations. But they saw and heard none of these things. They were too deeply absorbed in that which absorbed the attention of all the city, but from a different reason.

Hark! a tremendous shout rends the air—another—and another. The hammer dropped from the hand of the young man, and the blow that old Marcianus was about to strike, being suspended in the air, did not fall.

"Father," cried the young Felix, "must our brethren die thus, unavenged?"

"Vengeance is mine—I will repay it, saith the Lord" was the only reply from the lips of the old man, though his gathered brow showed the strong effort he made to curb and restrain his human feelings. As he said this, he laid his hammer on the anvil, and made preparations to leave his work. He could not longer command his feelings, and he would go

and pray. If in these days of peace prayer is a joy and comfort to the Christian, what must it have been in those days of bloody persecution and fear? How needed the outraged and driven Christians a refuge of more strength than man could give them! And the grace they needed was given them.

As old Marcianus moved towards the door, another figure occupied it, and one at which both father and son stopped to gaze with strange surprise. It was a young female of most surpassing beauty, just passed the age of girlhood, dressed in the style of the patrician women, but unattended, with a look of firm decision and lofty thought on her brow, which was half denied by the occasional glance she cast behind her, as if of fear, the hurried step with which she entered, and the clear, distinct voice, tinged with a sort of oppressive anxiety, with which she spoke. All these excited a deep but inexplicable interest in the two men. She said instantly upon entering, with a salutation rather to be read in her eye than distinguished in her gesture, "I seek Marcianus, the freedman. Kind artisan, can you show me his dwelling?"

If, before, he was interested in her person, he was now equally surprised that she should inquire for a poor artisan and freedman; but yet he answered meekly and unhesitatingly that he was the person she sought.

"He, whose four sons died in the arena for the Christian faith?"

"The same, lady," he replied.

"Then," said she, "the father of such sons should know something of the religion for which they died, else he would not have let them die without an effort to save them."

"We are poor artisans," he replied, "and what could we prevail in the ear of him to whom the cries of the Christian are music, and who will not listen to the prayer of the proudest patrician for life, much less to that of the humble freedman."

"But was there nothing," she inquired, "in the doctrines for which they died, or in their heroic martyrdom, that led their father to think lightly of his country's gods? Nay," she continued, "ye need not deny it, ye are also Christians."

There was an anxious expression in the face of the old man as she laid this accusation home to him, and he was not ready to reply, when the young man said:

"Yesterday, lady, we might have sought to conceal it—to-day, not if instant death were the penalty! The shouts of the arena over our tortured brethren have roused the courage we need. We are Christians!" and as he said this, he stepped proudly to the side of his father, as if ready to stand by him in the trial he thought approaching.

"It was for this I sought you," she replied; and then proceeded to state that she was of a wealthy patrician family, and had often witnessed with exultation the doom of the Christians under the cruel emperor. She had hated and despised the persecuted race, and had gloried in the efforts made to destroy them; but in her service was an humble maiden, who had long since embraced the new religion, and whom, through excessive fondness for her, she had protected in spite of her faith. But it was not in vain. The doctrines of the cross fell at last upon her heart, and through the scanty but earnest teachings of her maid she had learned to believe in the Son of God; and now she had come alone to learn more of the new faith which had opened her eyes and her heart to a new world.

How gladly did old Marcianus take her by the hand and lead her into his humble dwelling, and, till the shades of night drew on, instruct her in the principles of the doctrines of Christ; and with what humble joy and earnest faith did she listen to the teachings of the lowly artisan. As he led her to the door to take her departure, he said:

"To-morrow is our Sabbath, the great day of worship. Your maid will be in our assembly, and you, too, will find a pleasure in joining our little number. Come and worship with us, and learn more of the true God and eternal life."

With a humble but joyful heart, Julia returned to her house, and that night she resolved, on the next day, to join herself to the persecuted race, and, if necessary, to suffer with them.

PART II.

The young convert was reclining on a superb couch, and at her feet sat the young and noble Lucius. Descended from one of the proudest Roman families, he had acquired additional glory to his own name by his gallant deeds on the field of battle, and now he was a suitor for the hand of Julia. Indeed, a few days before, she had conferred upon him marked distinctions, and he was considered by all as her future husband. Why, then, was he sitting in moody silence, with a heavy frown upon his brow, and in the presence of her he loved? One day had wrought a vast change in the position he held in her heart, and just now, without telling him why, she had revealed to him the distracting truth that she could never be his. At first it had fallen upon him as a blighting curse; but he soon conquered its first effects, for he could not believe it possible that she could thus reject him without a cause. He saw, too, that it was not without great violence to her own feelings that it was done, and he therefore had helped to overcome her objections by the earnest arguments of a heart that loved truly and deeply. But though they fell with weight, and with a sharp pang upon her mind, she steadfastly adhered to her decision; and no longer able to influence her, and at a loss to account for what he could but regard a piece of unreasonable waywardness, he had sunk into a gloomy mood, and sat in silence.

Her maid entered, and whispered in her ear. Rising and laying her hand lightly on the shoulder of the young nobleman, she said,

"I would I could now explain to you, Lucius, why I thus reject a love I should be proud, under other circumstances, to call mine. But I cannot now; perhaps at some future time—perhaps very soon you may know all, and then you will not blame me. But know now and always, that as deep and pure a love as a virtuous maiden can bestow, is mine for you, and that it has cost me a terrible pang to sever it from you. Do not ask me again why it is so. Believe me, as you have known me from boyhood, in all our bright days of sunny youth, that I would not do it, were I not called to it by a power I cannot control, and trust to the future to open your eyes to what might wound you deeper than the loss of a wayward girl. Will you believe me, dear Lucius?"

"I do, I do," he said, as he raised her hand to his lips. Wounded as he was in spirit, he could not do otherwise, for he was satisfied, from her earnest truthfulness, that at least farther entreaty would be vain, and he departed, wondering what could be the mysterious cause that had thus changed her mind. Not dreaming that he should so soon learn all, and not thinking that his next movements were to have any bearing upon it, and not feeling inclined to submit his serious looks to the ridicule of his common acquaintances, he wandered into an obscure part of the city, and entering a house of entertainment, he sat down in one of the stalls and called for wine.

In the meantime, Julia, having hastily prepared herself, and closely veiled her person, in company with her maid, took the same direction, and entered the door of a humble house but a few steps distant from that where Lucius had stopped. Guided by the hand of the girl, who well understood the way, she passed through a dark entry, down a steep and long staircase, into an apartment dimly lighted, and filled with persons of both sexes. They were Christians, and they met there in secret to strengthen each other's hearts in the service of the true God. There was no costly show of external worship—no altar with its smoking victim—no priest with robe, and cap, and censer—no pompous ceremony, but all was simple and solemn. On the little table at the head of the room were arranged some vessels, which were covered over with a neat white cloth, and this was all that looked to the stranger like aught but the ordinary assembly of a few persons in secret. None moved when Julia entered but one. It was old Marcianus, who recognised her, and approaching, led her kindly to a seat, and whispering in her ear a blessing and a word of encouragement, he, too, was seated.

All was still, when from the inner apartment entered a young man of noble aspect, and whose eye told of a strong purpose and undying zeal. He took his place by the table, and when he had bowed his head for a moment in silent prayer, in which he was joined by the whole assembly, he read a hymn, and, all rising, the roof echoed the thrilling and rapturous praise of Jesus. Then followed a short but earnest prayer, and a passage read from a scroll that lay upon the table,

which told of the birth of Christ. All was strange to Julia, but it reached her heart, and she felt a joy she had never known before. The minister removed the cloth, and disclosed the bread and wine, the simple emblems of the new faith. Then he told of Christ's death, and the institution of the feast of love, and invited the assembly to partake of the bread and wine in memory of the death of their Lord. He told of the love of the Saviour in such melting words that all wept, and loud sobs told how deep and how true were the feelings with which the whole assembly were affected. It was at the conclusion of his remarks that old Marcianus presented the case of Julia, and told of her desire to join them and to become a Christian. She rose as her name was mentioned, and approached the minister, and in broken accents told her desire to be received into their number.

The form of admission was very simple and very short. In answer to her wish he said, "If thou dost believe, thou mayest." And she replied, "I do believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God." She then was baptized, and sealed the open profession of her faith by partaking, with the others, of the solemn feast for which they were gathered together. It was not then as now, when Christianity is popular, and the profession of it honorable. Then, it was at the risk of life—then, the Christian knew not but each hour might bring him to the fearful combat with wild beasts before more savage men, and they needed strong hearts to meet the fearful doom.

As the supper was concluded, the minister reminded them of the close of the first one which was instituted. "Remember," said he, "that our blessed Lord went forth to be mocked by the cruel mob, and to suffering, and to death. Let us also be ready."

Then they lifted up their voices in a hymn of praise, and departed. Little dreamed they how prophetic were the words last spoken. At the very door they were met by a Roman mob, who shouted as they appeared: "These are the Christians who worship the strange God, and deny the gods of Rome." Some escaped; more were seized by the excited populace, who already looked forward to new scenes of blood in the amphitheatre. Among the latter was Julia, who, by the crowd around her, was instantly separated from her companions, and hurried away.

The sight of a prisoner, and that a female, in the hands of a mob, instantly drew together a number of her own sex, who added their bitter taunts to the rest.

"To the temple with her, and let her burn incense to Jupiter!" said one.

"Aye, or to Venus!" cried a withered old crone, who had worshipped that godddess in other days.

"Yes, let her sacrifice!" said a hundred voices in proud triumph. "On to the temple—on to the temple!" And away she was led to the temple of Jupiter. No fear of the over-excited populace was visible in her least motion. With a calm brow and a firm step she moved on to the hill on which stood the altar.

But the noise of the rabble brought a new spectator to the scene. Roused by their shouts, and well knowing it could be but from one cause, Lucius emerged from the house in which he had sought quiet, just as the crowd drew near, and he looked upon the victim of the insulting mob with the curiosity common to those who were familiar with such scenes. As they approached, however, and the face of the captive became visible, stripped of its veil, he started as if pierced by a sudden pang, for he recognised the countenance of his own most beloved Julia. In an instant he comprehended the whole, not only the cause of her present condition, but the reason of her late conduct towards himself; and the shout of the mob as they led her on towards the temple of Jupiter, told him too plainly of her fate. With the agony of the thought came to his mind the question, whether he could save her, and he instantly resolved to make the attempt. For this purpose he followed.

Now the temple is gained, and by this time the crowd had increased to a vast multitude, who shouted out their loud derision at the poor maiden, as they placed in her hand the incense, and bade her offer it to Jupiter. She quailed not—no, not even when a voice that thrilled through every fibre of her heart, as she recognised the well-loved tones of Lucius, whispered in her ear, "Sacrifice and save yourself!" Another voice, that of the young artisan, Felix, who had esaaped, encouraged her in a few whispered words to be firm and trust her Saviour; and she boldly exclaimed as she cast the incense on the ground, "I am a Christian!"

A malignant shout from the infuriated rabble, of "Give her to the wild beasts!" was the signal for a new movement, and away she

was borne, to be delivered over to the proper officer, to be kept for the will of the emperor. Lucius remained, surprised at the boldness and decision of Julia, and revolving in his mind how he should act now, in order to be of most service, and, if possible, save her. His influence was strong with the emperor; but who had power with him when the life of a Christian was the boon? Yet this was his only hope, and he resolved to try. He raised his eyes, and they encountered the gaze of the young Felix. The look of sympathy which they met, aided by a word of kindness, soon drew from the artisan a confession of his interest in the life of the maiden, and a half admission that he held the same belief for which she was to suffer. The ardent Felix readily agreed to embrace any probable mode of saving the life of Julia, and Lucius promised to meet him at his father's workshop that evening, to concert some plan for her deliverance. But her freedom came from God before night fell on Rome.

With trembling anxiety Lucius hurried to the palace, and gained ready access to the emperor He told him his story—how he loved and had been rejected, and how he had learned the reason only, when he found her he loved in the hands of a mob for being a Christian, and now he begged for her life. It was in vain. The bloody monarch never saved a life. The new religion was gaining ground, and severe measures were necessary to check its growth. The taste, too, of the people required victims for the shows. She must die! and the tyrant with a gay laugh took his fiddle and played a tune, to which he himself moved in a lively dance around the room.

Under any other circumstances, Lucius could have appreciated every argument to which he had just listened. But now, when his warmest affections were interested, and the life of her he loved was at stake, the mockery of his sovereign wounded him deeply, and he felt a strange sympathy arise in his heart for the whole persecuted sect, as he left the palace in disgust, and hastened to the prison to offer all the consolation he could to Julia. This, however, she did not need, and to all his entreaties that she would renounce her new religion and save her life, she opposed the strength of the Christian. He urged his love; but this she had already made up her mind to lose, unless he, too, would abjure his false gods and bow to Jesus. Hardly daring to hope, she yet urged him to embrace the new faith; and with all her new born love for the Saviour of sinners, and the deep love for Lucius, which she did not seek to conceal, she now plead with him to die with her, since they could not be united in life.

Whilst this was passing in the prison, new and strange things were acting in the streets of Rome. The cruelty of Nero had long made him the terror and the hatred of many in Rome, and many conspiracies had been formed against him, which had been discovered and defeated. But that of Galba was destined to be more successful. Silent and unostentatious in his pursuits, he was unsuspected by the emperor till he had made himself a powerful party in the city. It was on this very day in which our narrative finds us, that it had been discovered, and just before the visit of Lucius to the palace, Nero had ordered Galba to be executed. As soon as it reached his ears, he boldly declared himself emperor. The Senate of Rome acknowledged him, and ordered the tyrant to be dragged naked through the streets, and to be publicly scourged to death. The populace, always ready to follow the successful one, now deserted him who had spent his short reign in the indulgence of the worst passions of his heart, and loudly proclaimed the new emperor, as they rushed towards the palace to aid in the execution of the sentence of the Senate. Before they reached it, Nero had perished by his own hand.

The death of the tyrant afforded a short amnesty to the persecuted Christians, and the new reign commenced by the restoration to liberty of all prisoners. Large multitudes of Christians were thus set free, and for a time the Church prospered in Rome. Many, however, left the city, and the Gospel was spread more and more throughout the empire. Among those who had departed from Rome were Marcianus and his son Felix, who removed into one of the northern provinces of the empire. Upon the breaking out of the persecution again in Rome, they gladly received into their house the new convert, Julia. Here she was soon followed by Lucius, who was wearied with the cruelties of his native city, and whose heart began to be dissatisfied with the gods of the nations. In the household of Marcianus he soon learned to love the religion of the cross, and devoting their lives to the cause of the Gospel, they spread around them a light that never went out.

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THE BIRD OF THE BOSPHORUS.*

Mysterious bird of the tireless wing,
Say, where is the nest where thy young ones sing,
And thy fond mate watches thy homeward flight?
Is it far o'er the waters so blue and bright?
  And when, in his mantle of purple and gold,
    The bright Day is bidding our region good night,
    And Eve, stealthy tracking his pathway of light,
  Her dark wing to cover the earth doth unfold;
At that hour, when thy land brothers eagerly hie
  To their young nestlings hid in some sylvan retreat,
Weary wanderer, dost thou to thy distant home fly,
  And expect from thy loved ones a welcome as sweet?

In vain are these queries—no mortal can know,
Strange bird, whence thou camest, or whither dost go,
For, from earliest morn, till the pale evening flings
Her shadows, thou'rt seen on the same restless wings.
  "Lost spirit" some call thee, who fancy, 'twould seem,
    That thus the lost spirit is fated to roam
    Through regions of space, never finding a home.
  Perchance some doomed spirit within thee, they deem,
Has found its abode—though methinks no hard doom
  'Twere to wander 'mid scenes so enchanting as this,
Which with Eden might vie in its beauty and bloom,
  Though, alas! how unlike it in virtue and bliss!

Idle reveries these—and yet may we not see,
Restless bird, the lost spirit's fit emblem in thee?
For, impelled by its endless desires to and fro,
It seeks quiet in vain in the dark world of woe.
  O! the doom of the lost one! what heart can conceive
    The horrors that fill his abode of unrest!
    All the treasures of earth—all its joys, if possess'd,
  How glad for one moment of peace would he give!
Bright bird of the Bosphorus, naught dost thou heed
  Of the thoughts thou hast waked, but as graceful and gay,
Thy light wings sail on with the same tireless speed
  O'er the blue sparkling waters, away and away!

Trebisond, 1846. M. G. B.

* While rowing up and down the Bosphorus, one sees, in rapid succession, flocks of swift-winged birds, which fly near the surface, and are never seen elsewhere. They are sometimes called by Franks "*Lost Souls.*"

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JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

On the 2d of September we left Edinburgh, and embarked on board a steamboat at New Haven, a small village upon the Frith of Forth, about three miles west of Leith, for Stirling. The Forth may be three miles in width at this point. The opposite shores rise into high and bleak mountains. As you sail up the river, the lands lie low for three or four miles, when a lofty range of mountains, stretching from Arthur's Seat, near Holyrood House, north and south, meets the eye.

From Alloa the Forth narrows to a small sluggish river, about 150 feet in width. The towers of Stirling Castle are now in full view.

We arrived at Stirling, the occasional residence of the ancient monarchs, and renowned in Scottish story, as the battle-field of mighty warriors contending for empire, about 8 o'clock in the evening.

Stirling is the border town of the Lowlands, the last before you enter the Highlands of Scotland. The chief part of the town is situated upon the declivity of one of those isolated craggy mountains peculiar to this country, upon the peak of which stands the castle. The town contains a population of 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants. Broad street, the principal and only one of any consequence, runs from the foot of the mount nearly to the fortress, which, having the command of the main passage from the north to the south, and holding the keys of both, is associated in the minds of the natives with the most interesting historical recollections. Here the kings and queens of Scotland held their court, and deigned a passing smile upon the chiefs of clans, as a reward for fidelity and submission Here you see clustered in a small space the fragments of antiquity, and must travel far up through by-gone centuries before you come to the time of action, and mingle with these stirring events, which connect Stirling with the bold adventurers and terrible deeds of blood and strife which marked the career of the Highland chiefs, as they led onward their respective clans from the shadowy glens of the north.

The castle is entered by a drawbridge, or rather by what once was such. A guide meets you here, and conducts you through the various apartments of the fortress. It is now a mere barrack for half a regiment of soldiers, a magazine of arms—the relic of what once was a castle. The view from all sides is beautiful, and the eye wanders over a country finely cultivated, until it rests upon the heights of Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi.

Having marched through the various cold, damp, and dreary apartments of the castle, seen the spear of Bruce, the oaken pulpit of Knox, the battle axe of the warrior, and the trophies of victory, there remains nothing in Stirling of peculiar interest to stay the foot of the traveller.

In the afternoon we proceeded by coach to Callander, 16 miles from Stirling, through a country beautifully cultivated. The larch, an evergreen of the fir genus, is extensively planted in Scotland. Its dark shade of green, without the slightest variation of tint in a whole plantation, though a pleasing relief to the eye in this mountainous world, shows too plainly the hand of art, and excludes that exquisite assemblage of natural beauties which throws such a charm over the forests of America.

Callander is situated in a valley, at the foot of the crag of Callander, which towers sublimely above the village, on the right, as you enter the town from Stirling. On the left, near the centre of the valley, flows the river Teigth, and the mountain Ben Ledi, seen in the distance, altogether form a beautiful combination of natural scenery. One principal street of small stone cottages, one church, and McGregor's hotel, form the village.

Here we rested from our labors, and spent our first Sabbath in the Highlands of Scotland, and in all probability the last. In the morning we went to the church, where service is performed in English in the morning, and in Gaelic in the afternoon. The form of worship was that of the Scotch Church. We had a sermon of an hour and a half in length, upon the subject of Joseph receiving his brethren in Egypt. It was heavy metal, rudely polished.

The exterior of the brick-built church presents a decent appearance. Within, nothing can be imagined more plain, nothing more abominably filthy.

The rain descended in mighty torrents the whole of Saturday afternoon, Saturday night, and continued until Sunday afternoon. The Teigth was in consequence swollen to a flood, inundating the meadows and fields, and sweeping before it the haystacks and every floating substance within its reach, like so many bubbles upon the angry torrent. A stone bridge is thrown over the river at this place. We took a walk to this bridge, and whilst gazing upon the surrounding scenery, and the flood of waters which rolled beneath the arches, our attention was attracted by several laboring Highlanders standing upon the bridge.

We could understand their manners, although their language was to us an unknown tongue. One of them took out his snuff-box, and with a small spoon, about the size of a salt spoon, took a spoonful of snuff with one hand whilst he pressed one side of his nose with the other; then reversing the operation, the fellow-nostril was treated in the same liberal manner. He then returned the spoon to the box and passed it to his neighbor, who helped himself in the same way. We had heard of the Highlanders taking snuff with a spoon, but had supposed it was a fiction of some fanciful genius, not the reality of honest truth.

On the morning of the 5th of September we took our departure from Callander in a very neat and comfortable carriage, for the Trosachs, distance 10 miles. The morning was fine, the mountain breeze sweet and refreshing. We travelled through a wild and romantic country, with Loch Vennachar upon our left.

"Few were the struggles following far
That reached the lake of Vennachar."

We seldom passed a farm-house on the road; but upon the declivities of this mountainous district, on the right, a few shrubs, heath, and wild flowers forced themselves into view.

It will be recollected that we are now surrounded by the lakes, the mountains, the scenery which Sir Walter Scott, with fine imagination and exquisite taste, has consecrated by his matchless genius to the "Lady of the Lake." "Harp of the north," with what magic charms do thy sweet notes fall upon the ear! We see them all—"the copse-wood grey, the bold cliffs of Ben Venue, Ben Ledi's airy ridge, the Trosachs' wildest nook."

"Boon nature scattered free and wild
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air;
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side and side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

We arrived at Stewart's hotel, the only one in this part of the Highlands, indeed, the only house in this secluded region, about 9 o'clock. Here we experienced all the inconvenience of that perfect apathy, and unconcern, and inattention peculiar to Scotch servants. We left Callander early, with the view of breakfasting at the Trosachs, in time to take the boat, which we were informed left the shores of Loch Katherine at half past 9. We found the boats ready, and several parties just on the point of starting, as we arrived at the hotel. We ordered breakfast immediately; but as there was nothing ready but an exhausted teapot, which would not be the case under similar circumstances in any other country upon the face of the earth, nothing could be got. No remonstrance, no solicitation, no entreaty, no eloquence had the slightest effect. The servants did not seem to care in the least whether we had any breakfast or not. Indeed, we were satisfied that it was intended the boats should depart before any breakfast was provided, and that we should, in consequence, be laid under an embargo until the following day. But that is an old manœuvre, not likely to succeed with old travellers. It became necessary, therefore, to take the government into my own hands, or go without breakfast. I thought the former justifiable, and the latter not at all convenient. So, without more words, I marched into the kitchen, and under the table, upon a stone floor, I spied the remains of a leg of mutton, and the relics of some ribs of roast beef. I seized the mutton, and finding plenty of bread, butter, and honey, fresh from the heaths, helped myself pretty liberally, and rolling all, meat, bread, butter, and honey, in my pocket handkerchief, stowed it away in my beaver, and with my cap in hand, in three minutes, was all ready for a start. The same provoking, undisturbed apathy continued amongst the servants. I met with no interruption, no assistance, and no salutation, excepting from a Quaker gentleman, who, with his wife and two daughters,

were on a tour of pleasure, but remained at the hotel that day. Seeing my hat so amply loaded, he addressed me—"Well, I think, friend, thee will do." "I think so, too, and wish you a good morning, sir." From Stewart's hotel to the head of Loch Katherine, a distance of about two miles through the Trosachs, there was only a footpath, and we were obliged to walk, the porters carrying our baggage. I had heard and read a great deal about the Trosachs, and all my curiosity was just upon tip-toe. I had no distinct idea what the Trosachs were. I found them to consist of a cluster of small conical mountains, scattered like a brood of chickens about the bases of the larger. They differ from the mountains, not only in their comparative diminutive forms, but in being covered with a green livery of natural shrubs, which form a striking contrast with the naked and barren aspect of the adjoining mountains.

The party, which consisted of eighteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen, English, Scotch, and Irish, all met at the head of Loch Katherine, and soon embarked in two long boats, the "Rob Roy" and "Ellen Douglass," beautiful names, but not more beautiful than the boats. Being comfortably seated, with four sturdy Highlanders for rowers to each boat, we skimmed along upon the bosom of this placid and interesting lake with inexpressible delight. The lake is ten miles in length, and about one and a half in width. The banks rise rather boldly on both sides, with young plantations of the larch, and thickly covered with a mantle of purple heath of extraordinary beauty.

"The beach of pebbles, bright as snow," is correctly described by Scott. The water is clear and cold. About half way up the lake, upon the right hand, near the shore, is Ellen's Island and the bowers of the fair Lady of the Lake. It is covered with low shrubs, and may be one or two acres in extent. Its real beauty and poetic interest can be found only in the bard's description. We landed upon the left shore, about two miles from the north-western extremity of the lake. The rain began to descend in torrents. Here we found one little thatched cottage, containing no earthly comfort but whiskey, and that is a wonderful comfort in Scotland. Before we were aware that all things necessary for our journey were not provided by the guides, I heard with surprise that all the ponies and donkeys, nine for eighteen people, were engaged, and that the distance to Loch Lomond was five miles. When I inquired how we were to get forward, and how my daughter was to be conveyed, no kind of heed was given to my inquiries, but both gentlemen and ladies deliberately mounted their steeds, and onward they went. The baggage was placed in a one horse cart, a sufficient load, and therefore we were denied the privilege of passing as baggage. Finally, when it came to the last push, a young Scotch gentleman had the gallantry to give up his pony to my daughter. She was soon mounted, and brought up the rear. As I had not secured a pony for myself, there was no alternative but to walk. At last we were all upon the way, for road it could hardly be called.

As the party, one after another, rose and descended the hills and valleys, it appeared to me that I could perfectly realize the retinue of an Egyptian caravan. But notwithstanding the novelty of the thing, the force of excitement, and the effects of the whiskey, I could not count it all joy, for the rain came down with peppering violence, a cold, bleak wind whistled from the barren mountains, and innumerable rivulets, hurrying down from the heights, intersected the road, bad at best, and furrowed up its naturally soft and oozy surface. I walked through mud and water, hopping and jumping from one stone to another, and found no difficulty in keeping up on such a road with the caravan. The perspiration rolled down my blazing cheeks, my feet and legs drenched, and the pleasure-hunting jaunt became more terrible to me than anything I ever before experienced in travelling, not even excepting corduroy roads. My daughter stuck to her pony like a veteran soldier, and although saturated with rain, as the high winds prevented any one from carrying an umbrella on or off horseback, weathered the storm with singular fortitude, laughing at the novelty.

The whole of this district is bleak, mountainous, and wild in the extreme, the fit, suitable, and real residence of that bold adventurer, Rob Roy. There are but two or three cottages, perched upon the declivity of the mountains, in this neighborhood, where misery alone can find a shelter.

At length, descending almost perpendicularly, we reached Invessen, upon the shores of Loch Lomond.

Hungry and thirsty, and drenched from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet, my

spirits were buoyed up, like those of a floating cast-away mariner, with the hope that I should here find some little comfort, at any rate some refreshment, for a hungry dog, almost the only one I had seen in Scotland, nosed my breakfast at the last landing place, whilst I was occupied in trying to provide a pony, and to the great amusement of the whole party, excepting the lawful owner, stole my beaver, and appropriated the whole of its contents to his own use. By this time, it may be imagined, as we had had nothing but whiskey the whole day, hunger began to petition for relief. But no: Invessen, as pronounced, I know not the orthography, could boast of only one little thatched cottage, the chimney opening out at the top like an Indian wigwam, or Laplander's hovel, a little peat burning on the hearth, and the smoke so thick that one could hardly see his neighbor. Here we were, twenty in number, crammed into a little pestiferous smoke-house—not a bit of bread, not a single biscuit, nor any other eatable thing to be found. *Whiskey* was the *only article* to be had at any price. A gentle dame of our party, however, hearing my complaint, and seeing my distress, had compassion, and kindly opened her wallet. A cold tongue, rolls, and a glass of whiskey set me upon my legs again, and I thank that lady from the bottom of my heart, whoever she may be, for her maternal charity.

After waiting about an hour at this miserable of all miserable hovels, the steamboat which plies upon Loch Lomond came down the lake to receive us on board for Bannock, about seven miles from Dumbarton.

This lake is a fine sheet of water, twenty miles in length and from two to three in breadth, widening to double that breadth as you approach the southern extremity. Upon the left, Ben Lomond rises in magnificent grandeur, around whose summit the solitary eagle, with outspread wing, wheels his lazy flight, and with instinctive sagacity plants upon a rock his unmolested foot. The whole country, far and near, is one vast pile of mountains, with the same bleak, barren, bold, and naked appearance as has already been noticed of others. You see nothing of that charming variegated covering of trees and shrubs, of every form and every hue, that grow in wild luxuriance, and adorn the mountain scenery of the western hemisphere.

We arrived at Bannock at the close of the day, and as the rains had caused the lake to overflow the usual landing place, we were with perfect coolness cast on shore upon the bank of the lake, and were obliged to climb over a stone wall, ladies and all, to get into an adjoining field; and then, if we could find anybody to carry our luggage a quarter of a mile to the coach, well and good; if not, we must carry it ourselves. Some left their wives and daughters to guard one part whilst they carried another part; so, some in one way, and some in another, we all, like St. Paul and his fellow convicts after their shipwreck, finally reached the coach in safety; no thanks to the captain, or crew, or proprietors of the steamboat, or any one else. No one was in attendance to see that the passengers were accommodated, or in any way rendered comfortable—a neglect which, one would suppose, the common principle of self-interest would overcome.

We proceeded to the King's Arms Hotel, in Dumbarton, perfectly worn out with fatigue, desiring nothing so much as refreshment and rest. We will take both, and then proceed to Glasgow and Londonderry.

SCHILLER.

Of modern literary men, few occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame than Frederick Schiller, and we have thought a brief sketch of his life and character would prove interesting to the readers of the Christian Parlor Magazine. Some acquaintance with those minds which ever and anon break out like suns to dispel the general gloom and darkness which centuries have accumulated, seems to be too indispensable to be slighted by any intelligent and reflecting observer. Such a mind was Schiller's. Upon the heart of Ger-

many he has engraved his name for ever. In the palace and the cottage, by the peasant and the prince, his voice is heard, like that of an oracle, disclosing the mysteries of the invisible and future; and not in Germany only, but in all lands that acknowledge the power of sweet song, is his influence beginning to be felt and admired. Distinguished alike for the splendor of his intellectual faculties and the elevation of his tastes and feelings, he has left behind him, says one of his admirers, a noble emblem of these great qualities; and the reputation which he thus enjoys and has merited, excites our admiration the more, when we consider the circumstances under which it was acquired. Schiller had peculiar difficulties to struggle with, and his success has likewise been peculiar. Much of his life was annoyed by inquietude and disease, and it terminated when he was but 46 years old. The best years of his youth were spent in uncongenial studies and pursuits, leaving him but a short time in which to rear for himself the reputation he has established.

Johann Christoph Frederich Schiller was a native of Marbach, a small town of Wurtemberg, and was born on the 10th of November, 1759, a few months later than Robert Burns. His parents, though not oppressed by poverty, were in a dependent condition, and could not make the liberal provision for their son's education which they desired; but they appear to have been persons of much moral worth, and this more than compensated for the disadvantages of their worldly condition. The mother was a woman of many household virtues, and to a warm affection for her children and husband she joined a rare degree of taste and intelligence. The husband was a man of great probity and meekness of temper. A sincere piety diffused itself over all his feelings, and especially influenced the training of the son There is yet preserved in his handwriting a prayer composed in advanced age, wherein he mentions how, at the child's birth, he had entreated the great Father of all "to supply in strength of spirit what must needs be wanting in outward instruction." The grey-haired man, who had lived to see the maturity of his boy, could now express his solemn thankfulness that "God had heard the prayer of a mortal."

Young Schiller manifested early an ardent imagination and a love for poetry. The poetical passages of the Old Testament and the works of Klopstock were his favorite reading His first desire was to study theology; but the Duke of Wurtemberg offered to educate him at his military school, an offer which Schiller's father did not feel at liberty to refuse. In addition to the military studies of the place, those of law and medicine were pursued. All these were dry enough to the young poet, and he was strictly forbidden to court the Muses; but so strong was his inclination for poetry and elegant literature, that he could no longer be restrained, and he wrote and published "The Robbers," which was afterwards moulded into a dramatic performance, and one which produced a strong sensation in Germany. He finally abandoned his connection with the duke, and pursued his own course in literature. He wrote a num- of tragic poems and several historical works, in all of which moral elevation was the distinguishing characteristic. Among the former of these was the magnificent composition, "Wallenstein," which has been admirably translated into English by Coleridge, and should be read, pencil in hand, by every lover of the beautiful and true.

We have not room for an enumeration even, much less an analysis of his works. One spirit pervades them all—a spirit of moral beauty. As his admiring critic, Menzel, observes, "He is the poet of youth, for all his feelings correspond to the earliest aspirations of the yet uncorrupted youthful heart, of love yet pure, of faith yet unshaken, of hope still warm, of the vigor of young souls not yet enervated. He is the favorite poet of all who have preserved their virtue—whose sense of truth, and right, and greatness, and beauty, has not yet perished in the mart of vulgar life. He has purified and regenerated German poetry. He warred with the immoral tendency of the taste of the age more powerfully and victoriously than any preceding writer. With Schiller, literature was a high and holy calling. As he viewed it, genuine literature includes the essence of philosophy, religion, and art—whatever speaks to the immortal part of man. The daughter, she is likewise the nurse of all that is spiritual and exalted in our character. The boon she bestows is truth. "Genius, even in its faintest scintillations, is the inspired gift of God; a solemn mandate to its owner to go forth and labor in his sphere to keep alive the sacred fire among his brethren, which the heavy and polluted atmosphere of this world is for ever

threatening to extinguish. Wo to him if he turn this inspired gift into the servant of his evil or ignoble passions; if he offer it on the altar of vanity, if he sell it for a piece of money."

Such were the ennobling views of Schiller, and his works happily corresponded to these sentiments. True, his opinions, his views of things, in many respects, might not have been precisely those which would be considered here purely evangelical; but, according to the light he possessed, he was a true man, seeking truth and aiming to dispense it, and this, more than anything else, gives an unspeakable charm to his works.

Of his poetry, several specimens have appeared in the early numbers of this Magazine. The "Song of the Bell," in the 3d No. of Vol. I., gave great satisfaction to many of our readers. It was translated by an appreciating hand, whose favors are always welcome, and it found, we have reason to think, an appreciating audience.

In May, 1806, he finished his splendid career. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it, not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said, "*Calmer and calmer*"—simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once, for a moment, he looked up with a lively air, and said, "Many things are growing plain and clear to me." Again he slept, and his sleep deepened and deepened until it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening till the Judgment.

The latter part of Schiller's life was marked with a growing seriousness and sublimity of sentiment. His mind appeared to labor as if engaged in themes of unearthly import. The universe of human thought, says Carlyle, he had now explored and enjoyed; but he seems to have found no permanent contentment in any of its provinces. Many of his latter poems indicate an incessant longing for some solution of the mystery of life. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen, though gilded with all the glories of intellect and imagination; it soared away in search of other lands, looking with unutterable desire for some surer and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. Had his life been prolonged a few years, he would probably have far exceeded all that he has now left us. At the moment death overtook him, his mind was teeming with new subjects, and could they have been elaborated under the influence of that lofty and pure spirituality to which he was daily advancing, they would have eclipsed all the previous emanations of his genius.

Those who desire to become better acquainted with the character and works of Schiller, will find Carlyle's life of the poet a pleasant and satisfactory volume—a volume, moreover, which is free from the deformities of style which characterise Carlyle's later performances.

THE DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

Why is it that we mourn the Past and sigh for the years that have glided from us? Is it not because those years have borne away with them something of our purity, something of the gladness and innocence of our childhood? Do we not feel our hearts closed to the sweet influences that used to steal into them from nature, and from our own youth and innocence? Have not many of the bright hopes we have sent forth to meet the future, returned, like the dove to the ark, having found no resting place in this weary world? Is it not for this that we mourn the Past? Is it not the disappointment of our hopes, the closing of many a fountain of joy and gladness, rather than the departure of years, that makes us old? And is not this the secret of immortal youth, that we should preserve the freshness, the buoyancy, the purity of our childhood—that the years, in their departure, should leave nothing of bitterness or of disappointment in our hearts?

The Past is sad or joyful to us as we have lived in it. It is either a fountain of sweet

memories, whose pleasant waters refresh the weariness of the present; or it is a huge serpent coiling itself away, fold after fold, ready to dart forward and fill our hearts with the poison of his breath?

Is not, then, the voice of wisdom clear? Should we not so live as to preserve our youth, "to become as little children?" Disappointment is the flood that covers the earth. Let us send forth our hopes, as doves, heavenward, and though the waters cover the tops of the highest mountains, yet by the stream of life grows a tree whose leaves we may pluck, and which shall be to us the emblems of *peace* indeed. Let us then live virtuous lives, loving truth, doing good as we have opportunity, and although our bodies may totter and bend beneath the weight of years, yet perpetual youth shall dwell within our hearts. The hours of life, if well improved, will erect for themselves a shrine within our hearts, and many pleasant memories will be laid thereon as perpetual offerings.

C. A. D.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZA ANN WOOD.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

She came, and like a star divine,
  She made our mortal bliss more bright;
Like beams that through the tempest shine,
  She fringed our passing clouds with light.

The star has faded from the sky,—
  The beams are lost in heavenly blue,—
There is a light that cannot die,
  There is a life serene and true.

She loved the light, and round her feet
  Now laughs and leaps perpetual Day;
She chose the life, and now repeats
  Her pulses their immortal play.

We saw the promise of the child
  The intellectual girl fulfil;
The nature, generous, free and wild,
  By Grace subdued, was noble still.

And nobler—for Religion takes
  From Nature only stains of sin;
The Beautiful she ever makes
  More beautiful, without, within.

In Joy's pure waters bade to dip,—
  And small, of common griefs, her store,—
She touched the wave with Hope's warm lip,
  Gazed on her God, and drank no more.

She prest "a soft, a downy bed,"
  Made for his daughter by the King;
Boston, August, 1846.

Death came—she knew the rider's tread,
  But light lay on his raven wing.

She rose and broke the bars of clay,
  And sprang at once from tears and dust,
More glorious on her shining way
  Than when she came from God at first;

For, wounded in the primal crime,
  And healed by Calvary's wondrous power,
No lily of the spotless clime
  Blooms like the amaranthine flower.

She died—not hers, but ours, the loss;
  She died—not ours, but hers, the gain.
We die, whom yet the billows toss;
  She lives, who's past the surging main.

So in the mansion, still and dark,
  We laid her form, decay to share;
We knew that Victory's burning spark
  Irradiates every atom there.

While cold and heat, and storm and frost,
  Shall come and go, nor break her sleep,
Her loveliness will ne'er be lost,—
  Affection will her image keep.

Of her sweet worth we'll think and talk,
  Nor deem such virtues can be dead;
And in the same bright faith we'll walk
  By which her constant step was led.

MY FIRST SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

"He that sits above,
In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, even if blent
With a vain worship; for its close is dim
Ever with grief, that leads the erring soul back to him." MRS. HEMANS.

My earliest teacher was a widow lady. I loved her tenderly, and with a peculiar affection. I did not then know what was the secret spell that bound young hearts so closely to her. Her face was sad; and her voice, too, was sad, though musical, yet no buoyant spirit like ourselves ever won such love. A look, a word from her, would make us pause in the wildest career of mirth; and even the reckless boy, who was guilty of the last stage of schoolboy cruelty, the robbing of birds' nests, shrank from giving her pain. Yet, sad as she seemed, I never saw any one sympathize more deeply in the joys of others. She loved to see young spirits happy, and her melancholy look would for a while pass away, while watching our gay sports. I never thought her unkind but once. Then—well do I remember it. It was one of those long bright summer days, when the mere consciousness of existence is so delightful. I sat on a long form, by her side, with a laughing little romp of my own age, and another, whom I loved with a sister's love, or rather with such a love as I might have to a pure seraph who was sojourning awhile on earth. The spirit of misrule was busy in the little group. One pulled his neighbor's ear, and then, with a most saintly, pitying look, wondered who could have done the mischief. Another slily put upon his head the tall pyramid-shaped cap of bulrushes, weathed with drooping dandelions and strawberry blossoms, till, seeing the "school madam" turning towards him, he snatched it off, and bent his eyes upon his spelling book with an expression of as intense application, as if solving a problem in Euclid. It was in vain that our teacher was all eye, all ear—in vain that one and another culprit was

"—— Sent into the corner,
Face towards the wall."

The wriggling and hitching on the long benches, the buzzing whisper, the suppressed giggle, eluded her utmost vigilance. On that day the quiet spirit of my young friend was raised to unwonted gaiety. We laughed and played; and at length she was separated from me, and placed on the high stool reserved for younger culprits. How my young heart swelled with indignation. I could have borne disgrace myself, but to see *her* placed there was intolerable. She died but a few months after this, when just entered on her sixth year; but I have never ceased to remember her. Again and again, in the light slumbers of childhood, her placid eye has beamed on me, and I have heard once more the silvery tones of her voice. Years have passed over me, years of disappointment and sorrow; but still, when both the present and the future were all dark, dark, in that heavy slumber which sinks down on the weary and exhausted, that gentle spirit has seemed hovering near me, and whispering of peace and of hope. I doubt not she is my guardian angel, and that the pure friendship, which just dawned on earth enough to shed a ray of mild silvery light along my dark pathway, will become the perfect day in that land where is neither darkness or sorrow.

But I have strayed far from my original purpose, which was to draw a sketch of my first school-mistress. I have said that, though sad herself, she seemed to rejoice in the happiness of others, especially of children. When, at a later period, I became acquainted with her melancholy history, I wondered at it. I wondered that, withered as her hopes, and lonely as her own heart had been for many a long year, she could have any sympathy remaining for the gay and happy. Experience in later life has solved the mystery. I have learned that, when woman is made utterly desolate, after the first burst of grief is over, the sympathies will go forth to those who enjoy a brighter lot. When her own fountains of joy are dried, like summer brooks, she will seek to satiate her thirst for happiness at those fountains which still well forth their pure waters for those who have not yet found them turned to gall and bitterness. Thus it

had been with her. She was left an orphan early in life, but I know not that she had more than the usual share of an orphan's sorrows. I can tell, even upon a slight acquaintance, when a warm-hearted girl has felt the want of a mother's love. Her destiny in other respects may be happy; but all her gentlest and purest emotions are closely hoarded in her own bosom. If she loves, it is with a fervor and entire devotedness unknown to those whose warm affections have gushed out in the tender sympathies of the domestic circle. She loved—was united to the only object of her devotion, and a few months passed in that delirium of happiness known to those only, who can for the first time repose with unwavering confidence on a faithful and kind friend. A stroke, sudden as a thunderbolt, took him from her. He, who was to her not husband and protector merely, but in the place of parents, brothers, and sisters, was laid low. The world was now a fearful blank. Nothing remained to her, and she abandoned herself to hopeless grief. Why should she not? There was no one to be pained by her excessive sorrow. She could not lay her head on her mother's breast, and weep away her griefs, and sink to rest as in helpless infancy. No brother was near to sustain her by his manly arm, and no gentle sister to whisper of heavenly hopes and consolations. She enshrined *his* image in her soul, and worshipped it with tears and the homage of a broken heart—an homage which, if yielded to Heaven, would have brought peace and rest. Time had no effect in assuaging her sorrors; on the contrary, the channels of her griefs were worn but deeper by years. At length she was roused from her long dream of anguish, by finding that a distant relative, to whom her little all was entrusted, had embezzled the whole, and she was cast penniless upon the world. In her selfish and extravagant sorrow, she had thought herself released from all obligation to be useful, and incapable of any exertion; but now her slumbering energies were awakened. She determined not to disgrace the memory of the noble being with whom her destinies had been linked, by listless dependence; but all desolate as she was, where could she look for aid or guidance? She now opened her Bible, and to her surprise found it a book for the children of sorrow; she had before admired its poetical beauties, but now affliction had given her the key to unlock its heavenly treasures. There she read of a friend closer than a brother—a friend eternal, who can never change and never weary. She there learned that "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, *for he knoweth our frame*; *he remembereth we are dust.*" Delightful assurance to woman, feeble, lonely, desolate. She read of love stronger than death, triumphing over the agonies of crucifixion, to provide a refuge and protection for that sorrowing one who, in her love and grief, had followed him even there; and offering up in that last hour, not for a sister or friend, but for his murderers, that sweet prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." With deep emotion she learned that this love yet remained immortal and unspent; and that whoever has a burden or a grief may come to Him, who notes the falling of the sparrow, and pencils the lily with beauty. She sought with intense eagerness to know what return she should make for love and care like this, and found but this one consolation, "Give me thy heart." Now she deeply felt the idolatry of her grief, and with the humility and simplicity of a child turned for aid to "Him who alone healeth the broken in heart, who bindeth up their wounds." She rose with new strength and energy, and peace, unknown before, descended upon her troubled spirit. Leaving the city which had been her home, she sought the residence of a long-forgotten friend in the country. There I first saw her. The little pittance she received for instructing during the summer months, she increased by employing herself in things which had been her amusement in brighter days. As I now remember her, I can but think she enjoyed much. She delighted in being useful, and though her own hopes were all crushed, she still shared in the hopes of others. Her heart was softened, and not withered by affliction, and was susceptible of every impression from the glad faces, and joyous tones, and merry laugh of the young and happy.

THE STAR LICHNEDIA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name—*Phlox Drummondii;* Class V., *Pentandria;* Order I., *Monogynia;* Natural order, *Polemoniaceæ.*

Generic Character.—Calyx inferior, monosepalous, prismatic, five-cleft or five-parted; segments converging: corol salver-form, regular, five-lobed, with a tube somewhat curved: stamens five, unequal in length, inserted into the middle of the tube of the corol, and alternated with its segments: stigma three-cleft: cells one-seeded, seeds oblong, concave. Herbaceous.

Specific Character.—Stoloniferous-procumbent, pubescent: leaves alternate, clasping, lanceolate, narrowing abruptly, awned, hairy, roughish: panicle lax, fastigiate: divisions of tha corol equal, tube pubescent: teeth of the calyx long, subulate. The color of the blossom varies from pale pink to deep carmine, with every intervening shade—deeper colored at the centre, pale blush beneath.

Geography.—Indigenous to the south-western part of North America.

Properties.—It possesses no medicinal virtues, or if it does, they are unknown.

Remarks.—The generic name is derived from φλοξ, a flame, because red is the prevailing color of the blossoms. The specific name is given it in honor of Mr. Drummond, a distinguished botanist from Scotland, who made a tour through Mexico and some of the Southern and Western States about fourteen years since, when he discovered this species of the *Phlox* in the prairies of Texas. He carried it to Scotland and England, where it was highly prized and cultivated with great care. It was brought from thence to America again, to grace our gardens, about seven years ago.

It is a beautiful little annual, requiring the seed to be sown every spring. It begins to blossom early in the season, and continues to throw out its chamelion flowers till the approach of frost. The seed should be sown early, in a rich, light soil, and this being done, the florist will be abundantly repaid for his labor by a constant and rich profusion of elegant blossoms. Its beauty is very much enhanced by its five bright stellated points in the centre of each flower—hence the common name of Star-lichnedia. These central spots, together with the different shades of color of the flowers in general, give to a bed of them a pleasing variety of aspect.

A London magazine speaks of this new species of Dwarf Annual Phlox in the following manner: "Every flower, though of the deepest carmine, has its petals of a pale blush color on the under side, and every petal, though of the palest pink, has a dark carmine spot at its base. Thus the variety of colors displayed in a bed of these flowers, almost exceeds description, and when they are seen under a bright sun, and agitated by a gentle breeze, the effect is extraordinarily brilliant."

Sentiment.—Variety pleases.

I know the world is all for show,
  To fickle fancy given;
What satisfies the taste at morn
  Is thrown away at even.

So I bedeck myself to please,
  In varied costume flowing,
My gaudy hues expose to view,
  In dazzling sunbeams glowing.

And though the thought oft makes me smile,
  My heart with pride is swelling,
That exquisites and amateurs
  Crowd thick around my dwelling.

They quit the fragrant violet's bed,
  Their praise on me to lavish;
Neglect a far more worthy flower,
  While I their bosoms ravish.

Thus human beauty oft is judged,
  By dress and carmine touches;
While real worth and solid sense
  Retire with modest blushes.

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SLEEP.

Sleep! sweet are thy visits to infancy's eye,
Coming soft, ere the twilight hath shaded the sky;
Ere the dews, lightly falling, the clover hath seal'd,
Or the stars of the primrose to eve are reveal'd.

And sweet to the aged, whose years have declin'd,
'Midst the home of his kindred, the faithful, the kind;
His hoary head honor'd, and softened each care—
Reposing at noon in his easy "arm-chair."

And sweet to the ploughman, with set of the sun,
Return'd from the field when his labor is done;
And snoring aloft, on his pallet bespread,
To wake ere the sky with the dawning is red.

And sweet to the maiden, whose heart, like a flower,
Expands to a sunbeam and folds with a shower;
Still true in affection to all that is bright,
But timidly shrinking from aught that would blight.

And sweet to the trav'ler, when daylight is fled,
And the stars watch alone o'er his shelterless head—
When the light of his watch-fire is red on the sand,
And the sound of the wave breaketh hoarse from the strand.

And sweet to the sailor-boy, dreaming of home,
When rock'd in his hammock above the sea foam,
He sees the fond image of all that is dear,
While his quivering eyelid is moist with a tear.

And sweet when the mourner hath wept o'er his dust,
And render'd to heaven his idol in trust;
Then, heart-worn and weary, hath sunken to rest,
With the Ægis of mercy laid light on his breast.

Yet the infant, the aged, the clown, and the maid,
Shall wake to the sunshine, the shower, the shade;
The trav'ler shall journey, the sailor shall roam,
And the future's bright star be the lone mourner's home.

But a sleep waits for all when this day-dream is o'er;
Ah! sound are the sleepers who never wake more!
And happy is he who, retiring to rest,
Doth feel that "whom heaven hath blessed is blest."

J. C. W.

VOICES OF THE GRAVE-YARD.

[The following letter from an esteemed correspondent of our own, to a friend, is full of awakening facts and wholesome thoughts, and we adopt it entire for the readers of the Parlor Magazine. It is a history of the changes which death and the grave are continually making, which will come home to many a heart.]

K——, June 8th.

My Dear Ellen,

My first visit the next morning after our arrival here was paid, as you will surmise, to the spot where reposes the object of my earliest love. The dew yet lay heavy on the grass, as I crossed the common lying in front of the graveyard. A new entrance had been erected, something like Mount Auburn, though more humble; but the improvers of the spot, with more good sense than often falls to the lot of reformers, had retained the rustic stone wall which, from time immemorial, had encircled the spot. The tall sentinel poplars still guarded the place, and the morning breezes sighed through their branches a wail for the departed. A small side wicket gave me admission, and I stood within the hallowed enclosure. The gloomy pines on each side the avenue oppressed me, and I hastened on to about half its length, turned aside, and stood before the low railing which surrounds our portion of the burying-ground. There stood the stone—the name and age its only inscription. I gazed upon it. Was it possible my father was but forty-eight—cut down in the very prime of life! I sank on the ground in agony.

Till then I had remembered my father as he seemed to me when, at seventeen, I parted from him, as an old man; but as I had advanced in life I had learned that at fifty a man is not aged; and as I thought of the pride and pleasure with which he would have looked round on his descendants, I felt it impossible to submit to the decree which had laid him in the dust.

Long time lasted the struggle; but at length religion asserted its supremacy, and I felt that all was directed by Him who had truly fulfilled his promise, who had been a Father to the fatherless, a God of the widow. Calmed and soothed by communion with my Heavenly Parent, I rose from my knees and looked around me. By my side lay my little brother, the lovely boy who gave me my first childish notion of death. I recalled his large black eye as it cast an imploring glance to its father, to its mother, and then seeming to withdraw into itself, relinquishing all hope of human help, closed upon earthly things to open on glory and beauty for ever.

The lot next ours attracted my attention, and brought before me a large and happy family, who, when I was a little girl, had lived next us, and who were now, with a single exception, dwellers in the land of silence. I had stood by the death-bed of the father, a senator of the nation. I had known every one who slumbered there. Consumption seized them—the young, the elder, the learned lawyer, and the stripling boy, all were marked for her prey.

Behind me was a well-filled enclosure, and I entered it. The father—the children of all ages were there; and as I thought of the matron whose treasures lay buried below, of her distinguished piety, her dignity of character, her gentle manners, her benign expression of countenance, I realized the meaning of the words, "perfect through suffering." The tribute to her step-son touched me. After recording the name and date of his loss, it proceeds:

"This monument is erected by her who supplied to him the place of a mother, to whom and to her children his conduct was everything that filial devotion could suggest."

Could I have dreamed that another month should deposit there the daughter whose joy in mature life it was to anticipate her mother's wants, to relieve from care, to cheer, to console her beloved parent! So it is; the branches are lopped off, and the parent trunk survives, "bringing forth fruit in old age, to prove that the Lord is good."

The broad tablets which told of the respect paid to the former Governor of the State and his admired wife, led me to the grave of three of their grand-children. Martha, of all my school-fellows the most admired, so full of life, of spirits, the gayest of the gay, with beauty, rank, and wealth, devoted to worldly pleasures, she seemed to have commenced a career of folly; but God had thoughts of mercy towards her, and she was led to turn from all earthly sources of happiness to the

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everlasting fountain. The change made by religion in her deportment was striking, and a few weeks showed she had chosen the better part, for a brain fever hurried her into eternity. During the delirium her visions were all of angels and of heaven, and I doubt not she is now with them singing the new song.

Her two younger sisters, Sarah and Julia, are also there; too beautiful they seemed for earth. What was the despair of the parents as they were forced to part with those exquisite forms—what was the mourning when it was told in the little town, Sarah S. is dead!

A newly made grave arrested my steps. It was that of one who, cut down in the midst of public life, had been borne from the halls of legislation to rest with his father and mother. Appropriate place for him, near those whose old age had been cheered by his assiduities, gladdened by his attentions, and made happy by his deservedly won honors.

But what recollections were awakened by the grave of Anne. Oh, Ellen! had you known her, you would understand what I experienced. She was one of my earliest playmates. I can look back upon the fourteen years of uninterrupted intercourse with her, and not be able to point to a single unkind act—to recall one bitter word. She was beautiful, she was good—of superior talents, always first in her classes, even in the large establishments of our cities. Her humility was not less remarkable than her attainments. Long months of suffering were appointed to her, but she submitted without a murmur. None who saw her the last year of her life can forget that exquisitely formed face, those earnest, dove-like eyes, shaded by their long dark lashes, the classic contour of that head, the marble whiteness of the skin, but above all, the heavenly smile which beamed from the countenance, the touching words which fell from the lips!

"Do not, dear sister," said she to the young creature who, with tears rolling down her glowing cheeks, and emotion quivering her cherry lip, stood by her bed—"do not, when I am gone, praise me, and say Anne wrote this—Anne said that. If I have done anything right, God gave me grace to do it, and give to Him the glory." The week before she passed away, all her papers were destroyed, and only a few, accidently overlooked at the time, remained to her bereaved friends. They were enough to reveal the purity, the sublimity of her inward life—to show whence came the strength which sustained her spirit in the last conflict. Oh! how slight must be the transition from earth to heaven in such a soul as hers! The blessedness of the righteous is theirs even while here below, and they have but a glorious increase of joy, and happiness, and love above.

Not many steps led me to my grand-parents. They slumber among their forefathers, but their memory is blessed. My grandmother's spirit seemed to rise up before me, and bid me trust in God. Her prayers for her offspring were registered on high, and of her numerous descendants not *one* has ever disgraced his name. Intemperance has never found a victim among them, and nearly all are now numbered among the followers of Christ, while from the lips of her posterity "the people that sit in darkness" have heard proclaimed "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." The verse, which my Daily Food had that morning supplied for my meditations, recurred to my mind, and I repeated aloud, "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children—to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them." When that saint left this world only one of her daughters was a Christian; but all have since been gathered in, and her sons, full of years, are waiting patiently their summons to depart.

Who that traces the history of Christian families can doubt that "there is a God that judgeth in the earth," and that though the harvest may not be reaped in this world by those who tearfully sow the seed, yet in another and better land a new thrill of ecstacy shall be felt by them, as one after another joins them in the upper sanctuary.

My letter, my dear friend, is running on to an unusual length even for me; otherwise I might tell you other tales—might show you the resting-place of the drunkard husband and his heart-broken wife—of the infidel father, and whisper the sad story of his offspring; and I might show you the grave of Maria, where, every morning, the freshly culled wreath tells of cherished love. The tomb of the devoted missionary, too, is at K., and by his side sleeps the young creature who sorrowed for him even unto death; but I must defer all this till I again greet you at your own fireside. Till then I am ever

Yours, most affectionately,

ALICIA.

REPENTANCE.

FROM KRUMMACHER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A PEASANT had planted a row of noble fruit trees with his own hands. He was greatly pleased when they bore their first fruit, and he was very eager to know of what quality they would prove to be.

The son of a neighbor, a wicked boy, then came into the garden, and enticed the peasant's son, so that they went and robbed all the young trees of their fruit, before it was fully ripe.

Now when the owner of the garden entered it, and beheld the trees thus stripped, he was very sorrowful, and cried out, "Alas! why have they done this? Wicked boys have robbed me of my pleasure!"

These words went to his son's heart, and he ran to the neighbor's son, and said, "Ah! my father is greatly grieved at the deed which we have committed! My mind can no longer be at peace. My father will no longer love me, but will punish me with his contempt, as I have deserved."

Then the other answered, "Thou fool, thy father does not know who did it, and never need know. Thou must carefully conceal it from him, and be upon thy guard."

But when James (this was the name of the peasant's son) came home, and met the kind glance of his father, he turned away his eyes and could not look up to him again, for he thought, "How can I look with pleasure upon him whom I have grieved? A dark shadow, as it were, rests upon my heart."

The father now approached, and reached to each of his children of the fruits of his fields, and to James with the rest. The children ran towards him, and ate, and were greatly delighted; but James covered his face with his hands, and wept.

The father then said, "My son, why weepest thou?"

And James answered, "Alas! I am not worthy to be called thy son. I cannot bear any longer to appear before thee otherwise than as I am and know myself to be. Dear father, be kind to me no longer, but punish me, that I may return to thee again, and cease to be my own tormentor. Let me suffer for my fault severely, for it was I who robbed the young trees."

Then his father stretched out his hand and clasped him to his heart. "I forgive thee, my child! God grant that this may be the first and last time that thou hast anything to conceal from me; than I shall not grieve over the first fruit of the young trees."

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

BY REV. DR. DAVIDSON.

"At evening time it shall be light."—*Zech.* xiv. 7.

OH! grant, sweet Heaven, a ling'ring ray
To cheer me on my lonely way,
And guide me down the vale!
The evening shades are length'ning still,
The evening dews are falling chill,
And strength and courage fail.

The early friends I sadly mourn,
Who, one by one, were from me torn,
As mourns the widow'd dove;
I've none my joys or griefs to share,
I've nothing left to hope or fear,
I've nothing left to love.

Then grant, sweet Heaven, a ling'ring ray
To cheer me on my lonely way,
And guide me down the vale!
Then let me gently sink to rest
Upon my Saviour's friendly breast,
Whose love can never fail!

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POOR FLORENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUNG STILLING.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

It was on a beautiful afternoon, about the time of the vintage, when the leaves grow yellow, and at every breeze fall rustling from the trees, when all the corn-fields are bare, and the kine graze in little herds over the stubble, and every hill cast a long, slant shadow, that poor Florence, a boy of ten years of age, descended the hill by a solitary footpath. He was barefooted; his dark brown feet, covered with a thick scurf, were accustomed to walk over sharp stones without injury. His skin was so hardened by cold, sunshine, rain, and wind, that even the scratches from the thorns and thistles by the wayside did not pain him. He was clad in a ragged little shirt and tattered linen clothes, which he had obtained by begging. His round curly head was covered by a large torn hat, which had turned grey with age, while through its rents his light hair streamed forth in profusion; a wallet hung at his side, and in his hand he carried a strong cudgel, for defence against fierce dogs.

As he came down the mountain, along the footpath, he saw before him a beautiful meadow, and beyond the meadow a wood, from the midst of which a thick blue smoke arose; at his right hand, a stone's throw from the path, lay a turnip field, which was encircled with a rope, upon which hung old rags, that, when moved by the wind, were well calculated to frighten away wild birds.

Poor Florence hurried onward across the meadow until he reached a brook; he stooped down, drank, and then took his seat upon the turf by an elder bush. He was hungry, therefore he opened his wallet, and as he found nothing in it but crumbs and a few dry crusts, his clear blue eyes glistened, and the tears streamed profusely over his brown cheeks. He then sighed deeply, and said to himself, "Oh, my dear mother, I have you no longer with me!" He wept aloud. "You always had bread, and when my wallet was empty, you gave me some from yours; now I am often hungry, and when I have anything at all to eat, it is but little."

He peeped again into every corner of his sack, gathered all the crumbs together, and ate them. He then continued: "Oh, dear mother, if you only were not dead! Your poor Florence now goes begging around the world alone, like a poor little chick that has lost its mother. You often told me that God loves all men; that he sees all men, although they do not see him, and that he is kind, and if we would beg of him, he would very often give us something. Well, dear God, I will now beg at thy door; thou must be very rich and great, since thou hast made the heavens, the sun, and everything. Give me this night a good shelter, and do not let me be so cold when winter comes. Give something to poor Florence!"

He now wept again. "Oh, dear mother!—but she is dead, and I shall never see her again, and such another mother I shall never find as long as I live." Thus he lamented. It then occurred to him that he had seen people wear black clothes and something black upon their hats when any friend had died, and that when other people saw it, they became sad, and sympathised with those who wore such clothes; but poor Florence had nothing of the kind.

As he thus mourned his eyes fell upon the turnip field, and he longed to eat some of the raw turnips; but his mother had taught him never to steal anything. In the meanwhile a little maiden approached, leading a white goat by a string, in order to let it browse upon the stubble near the turnip field. Poor Florence now arose, and walked towards the maiden. She was a peasant girl of about ten years of age. She pastured her goat quietly, and let the boy approach her, without exhibiting the least fear.

"Maiden," he began, "I should like very much to eat a few of these turnips, but I dare not. Do they belong to you?"

"Yes. Where do you come from?"

"Ah, me! I have no home; I am a poor boy. My name is Florence, but the people call me poor Flor."

The maiden's face beamed with kindness. "You are called Florence," she said; "that is a very pretty name. My name is Rosina."

"And that is a very pretty name, too; but

my mother was called Helen, and that is still prettier."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead and buried!"

The maiden's face was now all sadness. "Poor Florence," she said, "how long has she been dead?"

"Eight days." The boy now wept again, and the maiden's eyes were filled with tears.

"Listen Florence; you shall not eat the raw turnips. But are you very hungry?"

"Yes, I am very hungry, Rosina."

"Well, then, I will share my supper with you." She then took a double piece of bread and butter from her basket.

"No," said Florence, "I will not eat a bit of it, for you will not have enough for yourself."

"Oh, I am not at all hungry, and besides, I shall have plenty when I get home, and you do not know where you will find a morsel for supper."

She now took a little knife from her basket, divided the bread and butter into two unequal parts, and gave the largest to poor Florence. They both sat down together, and ate with great satisfaction. The poor boy now thought of the mourning clothes again. "Listen, Rosina," he began, after he had eaten up his share of the bread and butter. "The people always wear something black upon their hats when any of their friends die; I should like to have something of the kind, but I have nothing."

"Yes, indeed, poor Florence, you ought to have a piece of crape on your hat. I myself have none, or I would give it to you." As she said this she looked around, and behold! upon the fence that enclosed the turnip field, there hung a piece of an old crape gown of her mother's. She at once leaped up, ran thither, tore off a few long strips, and returned. Poor Florence jumped up, and was in great delight, but she took a seat, collected some pins, and the boy gave her his hat. But all her attempts to arrange the loose ends upon the hat were in vain.

The maiden said at last: "I have just thought of something. Our bailiff once wore a piece of crape upon his arm when he was in mourning."

"That will do," replied Florence, and in a twinkling Rosina pinned the old black strip of crape in tolerable order around his ragged sleeve. They chatted away an hour together; but it was now near evening, and it began to grow cool.

"But where will you sleep to-night, Florence?" said Rosina.

"Can I not go down with you into the village?"

"Ah, no! We have a cross night-watch, who would drive you away."

"Well, do not be uneasy, Rosina. I have always been able to find a place where I could sleep; but I do not like to leave you."

"The tears stood in his eyes. Rosina cried also. "Listen," she said at last, "do you see yonder smoke up in the woods?"

"Yes," he answered.

"That is a collier's," she continued. "He is a very good man; he receives everybody into his house when they are driven away by the night-watch. You can go thither."

Florence now arose, took his cudgel, bid Rosina a hearty good-bye, and trudged on towards the collier's.

Robert Cole dwelt in the village in which Rosina and her parents lived. This village was situated at the extremity of the valley, at the foot of a mountain, and consisted of thirty thriving families, all of which obtained a decent livelihood from farming and the raising of cattle. Of these, that of the collier's was perhaps in the most comfortable circumstances. He was a tall thin man, of seventy years, with hair white as snow. His wife had been dead many years. He had a married daughter who lived with him, but who had no children. Her husband's name was Lorenzo, and he was an honest, industrious peasant.

On the evening of this day, old Robert wandered around his coal-pits to see if anything remained to be done before nightfall. The sun was setting over the distant western mountains; its beams shone between the trees upon the worthy old man, and he had just begun his evening hymn as poor Florence came rustling along through the bushes, and met him. "Father," he began, "will you not give me a shelter for the night?"

"I cannot tell as yet."

"Oh, give me a place to sleep! There was a maiden in the field, called Rosina, who was feeding a goat, and she told me that you were so good a man that you would certainly give me a shelter."

"That might be, if I only knew that you were a fine, honest lad, for, hark ye, bad children I cannot endure. Are you all alone, then?"

"Yes, my mother died eight days ago. I

have no father, no mother, no brother, and no sister!"

"How old are you?"

"I am in my tenth year."

"Hark ye, my lad, if I knew—yet remain with me. I will give you shelter. Are you you hungry, too?"

"No, not now. Rosina gave me a large piece of bread and butter."

"Rosina is an excellent girl. But tell me, boy, if Rosina was so kind to you, were you grateful for it? Look, people here give you food and lodging, and still they are not bound to do so. Have you ever thought of that?"

"Oh yes, father, my dead mother often said to me, 'See, Florence, we have no claim upon any one, and still the people give us food. When you are grown up, you must in your turn do good to them.' But I think to myself, if I have to go around begging, how can I work and help all those people who have given me anything; and then I cannot help wishing that I were not obliged to beg any more, otherwise I must work and assist all the world."

Old Robert laughed heartily, and said: "True; but why, then, did your mother beg—why did she not work?"

"Ah me! she was always sick"

"That alters the case, boy. I am pleased with you. I will give you food and lodging. But are you, then, really tired of begging?"

"Oh, father, if I only need not beg, I should be willing to live always on bread and water, and wear ragged clothes. When I was with Rosina, a little while ago, I could not help thinking why it was that I was obliged to beg while she was not, and then I felt heartily sick and tired of it."

"Wait, my boy; sit down by this coal-pit." Then Robert began his evening hymn again.

When the sun had set, and the moon with its full yellow disk shone through the branches of the trees, Robert's daughter came towards them, carrying a basket on her head, which contained her father's supper. The old man hastened to meet her, helped her lift the basket from her head, and then said: "See, Martha, here is a poor boy who is called Florence; he has neither father nor mother, brother nor sister; he pleases me; take him and give him shelter. I wish that you would let him stay in your house for some days."

"I will do that willingly," answered Martha; "we can then find out his disposition."

"Well, then," continued the old man, "if he is honest, and has no one to depend on, and has told the truth, I will keep him and bring him up. You are without children; but we must first hear what your husband says to it."

"Of course," answered Martha; "but he will have nothing against it, if you and I are satisfied with the plan."

Poor Florence now arose, leaped for joy, came towards them, stood near Martha, and looked up in her face with a sweet smile. Martha's eyes filled with tears. "Ah!" said she, "'tis a dear boy. Come home with me, and if you are good, I will be a mother to you."

Florence looked for a moment at the sleeve of his coat, and then said: "Yes, I will be good."

"What is that upon your arm?" asked Martha.

"It is a piece of black stuff that I put on because my mother is dead."

"Poor boy! and who fastened it on for you?"

"A maiden whom I met yonder by the turnip field. Her name is Rosina."

"Rosina is an excellent child. But how long do you mean to wear it?"

"I will wear it until you are satisfied that I am a good boy."

Old Robert and Martha looked at one another in surprise.

"Ah!" said Robert, "the lad has some sense."

"He thinks, perhaps," said Martha, "that I will then be a mother to him, and then he need mourn no longer. Boy, come with me"

Martha now wished her aged father a kind good-night. He thanked her, and said: "Greet your husband for me!" Florence also bid him good-night. Robert thanked him, and said: "Boy, behave yourself, so that you may soon be able to take the crape off your arm."

Florence answered: "I will wear it until this new mother of mine says that I may leave it off." Martha took him by the hand, walked on with him, and talked to him the whole way until she reached the door of her house.

Lorenzo, her husband, was sitting by the fire, with his elbows supported upon his knees. "See here, Lorenzo," said Martha, "my father has sent you a son, if you are willing to take him. He also sends you his best greeting."

Lorenzo turned his head, looked coldly upon the boy, and said, "Much obliged!" Martha now went about her work, and said nothing more.

Florence placed himself opposite Lorenzo, and stared him full in the face, for he did not quite trust the man. Lorenzo gazed upon him steadfastly in return. When this had lasted for awhile, Florence scratched his head, and looked around for Martha. She, however, took no notice of him, but went on feeding the cattle. In the meanwhile, Lorenzo looked at him still more coldly and steadfastly. Florence could no longer endure his gaze; he turned away and began to weep in silence. Lorenzo knew at once what was the matter with him, and the boy's tears seemed evidence of his goodness of heart. He now broke the silence, and began. "Boy, what is your name?"

The poor fellow started when he heard a sound from those grave lips. Trembling, he replied, "My name is Florence."

"So, then, come here, Florence."

The boy timidly approached.

"Give me your wallet."

Florence looked at him with open mouth and eyes, and slowly loosed his wallet from his shoulder. Lorenzo took it, rolled it up, and put it in the fire. "You will not want it any longer," he said. Florence breathed forth a deep sigh; it was the voice of nature thanking God from his heart. He gazed steadfastly in the fire, sighed once again, and tears rolled down his full, round cheeks.

Martha now approached them. She had closely observed all that had passed. As she knew her husband well, however, she did not speak to him, but kept perfect silence; for when he was about to do a good action, words only disturbed him, and sometimes entirely turned him from his purpose.

After gazing awhile with a serious face at the fire, and when the wallet was in part consumed, Lorenzo slowly took the tongs from the wall, and thrust the fragments that were left into the flames. He then leaned upon his knees again, and looked on until the whole was burnt to ashes. He now arose quickly. Florence started and moved out of his way. Lorenzo smiled slightly, and said, "Martha!"

"What is it, husband?"

"Where is my woollen cap?"

"It lies yonder, in the cupboard."

"Listen, Florence. Go throw your hat into the stall."

Florence smiled, ran thither, and threw it away. Lorenzo now went up stairs and brought down a handsome woollen cap, and gave it to him.

It was soon time for supper. Lorenzo went into an adjoining room, where he laid the cloth, and Martha crumbled bread in a deep earthen dish, poured fresh milk over it, and placed it upon the table. Florence, in the meanwhile, remained very patiently by the fire where Lorenzo had been sitting.

While at supper, Martha related to her husband all that had taken place between her father, herself, and the boy, and that she had promised to be a mother to him if he would conduct himself well.

"Leave that to me, Martha," answered Lorenzo; "that depends upon the way in which he is brought up."

"Not wholly, dear husband. There are children who are brought up strictly, and still do not turn out well."

"Between *strictly* and *well* there is a difference. All that is necessary is a tender heart"

"That is just what I think, dear Lorenzo—just what I think."

"Well, now, I am satisfied that the lad has a tender heart. He wept when I first looked at him. He wept and sighed when his wallet was burning up. Now a bad boy, if I had gazed earnestly at him, would either have smiled like a rogue, or have looked sulky; and at the burning of the wallet, would either have laughed outright, or have been vexed."

"He seems to me to be a good boy; he has a fine, honest face. He will look nicely when he is once washed, and has on other clothes."

They now left a good portion of porridge in the dish for Florence, ate yet a piece of bread and butter together, and then called him into the chamber. Lorenzo told him to come to the table, and he himself kept his seat; but Martha had something to do in the kitchen.

The boy now took his seat at the table. Lorenzo laid a spoon before him, and said, "Eat now your fill, Florence." The good fellow now fell to gaily. After awhile Lorenzo began: "Tell me, Florence, what are you thinking about while eating?"

"I am so glad that I have come among kind people."

"But why, then, are we so kind towards you? You have done nothing for us, and we do not even know who you are."

"I cannot tell why."

"Reflect awhile why it is that we are so kind towards you."

"I am poor, and you take compassion upon me because you are good."

"Are all people, then, so compassionate towards you?"

"Oh no; people like you I have never met with before."

"But we also have met with many a beggar-boy, yet we have done for no one what we are willing to do for you. Boy, hast thou heard of God?"

"My dead mother used to tell me much about him; how he had created all things, and watched over all things, and that the hearts of men—ah, I now remember something; I did not think of it then."

"What is it?"

Tears came into his eyes as he said, "I prayed this afternoon to God that he would this night give me a good shelter, and not let me be so cold when winter comes. Now I know he has brought it about so that you and your old father and my new mother are so kind to me."

Lorenzo dried his eyes and called Martha. She came.

"Listen, Martha. The boy knows how to pray, and God hears him." He now told her what Florence had said. Martha's eyes filled with tears also. "Lorenzo," she said, "the boy shall be our child."

Martha now made Florence some nice new shirts, and Lorenzo clad him from head to foot, and gave him clothes for work days and for Sundays. A bed was made for him in old Robert's chamber, who often told him old histories, and taught him much that was good.

The winter was now close at hand, and Robert, Lorenzo, and Martha began to consider what they should do with the boy. They at last resolved to send him to school this winter, for he did not even know his letters, much less how to read. Florence was very well satisfied with this arrangement, for he had often heard old Robert read in the large family Bible, and he then always wished that he himself could read such stories. He began then to go to school. To his great delight he found Rosina there also. He had seen her at times, but had scarcely had an opportunity to speak with her, for Lorenzo never allowed him to go out in the road, and run about with the other boys, but he always furnished him with employment at home with which he must occupy his time.

Rosina, on her part, was also very glad to meet Florence, for he was now well and neatly dressed, and appeared much better than when she saw him at first. The only thing that displeased her about him, and which made her ashamed of him, was that he sat lowest in the school, among the boys of four and five years of age. Rosina could not bear this. She went therefore to the schoolmaster, who was a worthy, reasonable man, and a very good instructor, and begged him to allow her to teach Florence his alphabet. The teacher readily gave her permission, especially as she learned with great rapidity, could sing and write very beautifully, and had a number of maidens of twelve years of age under her, whom she assisted in their studies.

It was not long before Florence could not only read, but could understand all that he read. He began then to write and learn his catechism.

Rosina's parents were in comfortable circumstances, and were very good-hearted people, yet they were not so charitable as Robert and his family, neither had they so much understanding. Rosina's father was called Nicholas, and her mother Clara. She was a very good, kind woman. She had no children except Rosina, whom she loved beyond measure. She did not, however, educate her delicately, but in a strict and orderly manner.

When Robert and Lorenzo saw that the boy was so industrious and intelligent, they loved him more and more, especially as they observed nothing like self-will or obstinacy in his character. He did what he was bidden to do readily and with cheerfulness, and when he had done his work, he sat down to read and to practice with his pen. The schoolmaster also came, at times, in the evening to visit Robert, and they then spake together of Florence, and of what they should make out of him. They spoke also often of Rosina, how that she was so excellent a maiden, and how the children were so fond of one another. They now proposed to the boy that he should read a chapter or two out of the Bible to the family every Sunday afternoon. This duty he took upon himself with great willingness.

Robert said to him, "Florence, if you are very good, prompt, and industrious, this week, you shall read the Bible in my place on Sunday." This he did with such emphasis and so correct utterance, that it was evident he understood what he read. Rosina also came to visit Florence at times, when she would

read a chapter likewise. Every Sunday when the weather was at all favorable he must go to church. Rosina almost always accompanied him, and everybody in the village was pleased with the good children, and always spoke well of them everywhere. Thus the children grew up; they learned quickly and improved in all good things, and became sensible, industrious, and honest people, and found favor in the sight of God and of man.

A STREET SCENE, BOSTON.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

You know the Park street church—its sky-built spire,
Which overtops all others, and you know
The clock 'neath which the hasty passer-by
A moment shades his eyesight with his hand
To read the time, then hurries swiftly on;
You know the corner where, in wintry days,
You turn your back against the piercing wind,
And where the poor lame fruit girl, thinly clad,
Her crutch beside her, shivers on the step,
And looks with wistful eyes in every face!
There stood I one warm day, when all the air
In every spot, save this, was hot and still,
Across the way, against the granite post
Which marks the ample gateway of the Park.
A blind old beggar leaned, with labelled breast,
Where all might read his melancholy tale,
His trembling hand stretched out, imploring alms!
And there the lusty millionaire stalked by,
With golden-headed cane; his very sleeve
Disturbed the old man's fingers—that was all!
The beggar closed his hand and clasped the air;
Then patiently put forth his palm again.
Now gathered merry groups of children round,
And some there were who then forgot their mirth,
And timidly gave up the simple coin,
The wealth which childhood knows; and some there were
Who jeered and made a frolic of his woes!
I watched the groups departing, and I saw
The ones who gave and those who jeered turn off
In different directions! So, thought I,
It shall be with you in the years to come;
Your paths run not together on the earth;
I dare not penetrate the grave and ask
How it shall be hereafter! But no more;
'Tis not a picture which I love to paint:
But when you pass that way, remember, do,
The fruit girl and the beggar!

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—The portrait of the pious country clergyman has been a favorite topic in classical poetry, of which the English language affords some fine examples. He is thus drawn by Dryden, who, however, found the theme suggested in the "Good Parson," by Chaucer:

"A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
* * * * * *
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere;
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity;
And letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky;
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
A music more melodious than the spheres."

Goldsmith's character of the Country Clergyman is too familiar to be quoted. There are few finer lines in the language than these:

"But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And as a bird each soft endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

That is a fine circumstance in the description:

"Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And *pluck'd his gown* to share the good man's smile."

And the closing image of the cliff swelling from the vale, and lifting itself to heaven:

"Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head,"

Though repeated a thousand times, never loses its freshness and impressiveness. Cowper's picture of the "Good Preacher," and, by contrast, his portrait of the "Theatrical, Clerical, Coxcomb," are in the memory of every one.

The following, from the German of Uhland, may with propriety be hung in the same gallery with those above mentioned:

ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

If in departed souls the power remain
These earthly scenes to visit once again,
Not in the night thy visit wilt thou make,
When but the sorrowing and longing wake;
No! in some summer morning's light serene,
When not a cloud upon the sky is seen,
When high the golden harvest rears its head,
All interspersed with flowers of blue and red,
Thou, as of yore, around the fields wilt walk,
Greeting the reapers with mild, friendly talk."

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.—The increase of population in the United States generally, and the growth of some of our cities more especially, transcend all past experience, and form a chapter in veritable history scarcely less marvellous than a tale in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. About one hundred years ago, the whole population of New York might have been lodged in the Park, with room to spare; in a very short time it will number half a million of souls. Of the extent of the city we had but a very deficient notion, till we saw the miniature representation by Mr. Belden, of which we briefly spoke in our last number, and which is now exhibited at the Minerva Rooms, 406 Broadway. This model is a perfect fac simile of the city, representing every street, lane, building, shed, park, fence and tree, the shipping, steamboats, wharves, railroad cars, pavements, awnings, lamp-posts, and every other object in the city. It thus gives a perfectly accurate view of the city; and yet our readers will hardly credit the statement that it exhibits.

Over 200,000 buildings, including houses, stores, and outbuildings,
" 2,500,000 windows and doors,
" 150,000 chimneys,
" 25,000 fences and walls,
" 20,000 awnings and lamp-posts,
" 30,000 trees,
" 5,000 pieces of shipping.

Such is the present size of this metropolis, and from the rapidity of its past growth, and the many reasons operating to render its extension indefinitely great, it is obvious that but a few years will elapse before it will reach the present dimensions and population of Paris and London. It will require no small amount of exertion on the part of the friends of order, morality, and religion to keep up a corresponding growth of the means of virtuous education and religious culture.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.—Of the celebrated letters of this nobleman, Dr. Johnson remarked, with as much justice as severity, that they taught the morals of a prostitute and the manners of a dancing-master. He inculcated the sentiment to his son (who, by the way, was one of the most awkward of mortals) that grace of manners was the most essential quality for a man of the world. While every man of principle repudiates this doctrine, it is nevertheless true, that a man's manners greatly affect his influence in this world, and for this reason it is a duty to cultivate an agreeable address. It is a curious and instructive fact that the people of Ireland cherish the memory of Chesterfield with affectionate gratitude; and they declare that only he and one other lord-lieutenant (the Marquis Townshend) ever understood and properly governed that country. Chesterfield, regarded as a fop in England, was a daring, steady, sagacious governor of the unruly spirits of Ireland in one of the most hazardous periods. He ruled by his manners. He broke down faction by *bon-mots*; he extinguished conspiracies

by passing compliments; he administered the sternest law with a bland and polished smile; and he disarmed rebellion by a bow. Similar examples of the influence of mere manner might be quoted by the volume, and they are not unworthy of the study of good men, who would make an impression upon others for their good. Of course, none but a stupid reader will understand us as teaching that mere manner, without principle, is to operate with renovating force upon society. But we mean that a pleasing manner is the proper external expression of inward goodness; and that the influence of the latter is crippled and hindered by rudeness and roughness of address. We have known preachers and others, who, with a message from the Lamb of God, have delivered it as if they were unlicked cubs of a polar bear that had been wafted into temperate climes on an iceberg; and we fear that some have even studied to be as abrupt, rude, and boorish as possible in both their public and private intercourse with the people. Every Christian, and especially every clergyman, should be a pattern of graciousness and winning urbanity.

Hymn to the Evening Star.—There are some pleasant lines in the Hymn to the Evening Star of our correspondent Ella, but as a whole, it needs more revision than we can or are willing to bestow. Suppose we substitute for Ella's lines these following:

Fair Star! with calm repose and peace
I hail thy vesper beams returning;
Thou seem'st to say that troubles cease
In the calm sphere where thou art burning:
Sweet 'tis on thee to gaze and muse;—
Sure angel wings around thee hover,
And from Life's fountain scatter dews
To freshen Earth, Day's fever over.

Star of the Mourner! 'mid the gloom,
When droops the west o'er day departed,
The widow bends above the tomb
Of him who led her broken-bearted;
Darkness within, and night around,
The joys of life no more can move her,
When lo! thou lightest the profound,
To tell that Heaven's eye glows above her.

Star of declining day, farewell!
Ere lived the Patriarchs, thou wert yonder;
Ere Isaac, 'mid the piny dell,
Went forth at eventide to ponder:
And when to Death's stern mandate bow
All whom we love, and all who love us,
Thou shalt uprise, as thou dost now,
To shine, and shed thy tears above us.

A Word of Advice.—This number visits its readers in the midst of the autumnal season. In the country the active toils of the harvest are over—the glory of the summer is departing; "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year;" the yellow leaves are dropping from the trees; the singing of birds is over; and the grave appearances of nature invite to reflection. The lengthening evenings afford opportunities for reading, for conversation, and useful thought. In the city, the fiery heat of summer no longer oppresses and scatters the inhabitants. The absent have returned to their wonted avocations and to their own families; and after the respite all are prepared to engage with zest in business or pleasure. Now is a good time for our young readers especially to lay their plans for the winter, and what we desire to advise, is a thoughtful and judicious appropriation of time to the purpose of self-culture and self-improvement. Choose your company, your reading, your recreations, with reference to your growth in virtue, knowledge, usefulness, and happiness. Whether in city or country, let our young friends provide beforehand the best methods of occupying their time, so that the autumn and winter before them shall be made to yield solid and permanent revenues to their mental and moral possessions. This is advice which none need fear to regard. If compliance fail to command success in future life, it may do more, enable them to deserve it. Striving to prepare themselves for a useful and honorable future, our young readers may commit the rest to Providence, or not unaptly join the poet in saying:

Let not my life be like the stagnant lake,
For ever sleeping in the sunny beam:
I ask it not—no, rather let it make
A course like that of some fair mountain stream,
Now rushing on its way with many a beam
Of sunny hope, now gliding through the mead
Of verdant joy, and now, if Heaven deem
More useful, through the lowly valley's shade—
Though it be lost to sight, it still may verdure aid.

To Correspondents.—We have on hand a large number of contributions, some of which are marked for insertion, as soon as we can find room for them; and others, which we have not found time to examine, shall receive early attention. We have to request again that contributors will retain a copy of the articles they send us, otherwise productions may be lost which they would wish preserved. In the mass of manuscripts which accumulate in our office, it is not certain that some will not be mislaid beyond recovery.

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HE SLEEPS HIS LAST SLEEP.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF L. T. CHADWICK, ROCHESTER.

MUSIC BY C. E. CLARKE, DANSVILLE, N. Y.

ANDANTE CONDUOLO.

Tenore.

1. Ah! breathe one sad sigh o'er the tomb of the

Alto.

1. Ah! breathe one sad sigh o'er the tomb of the

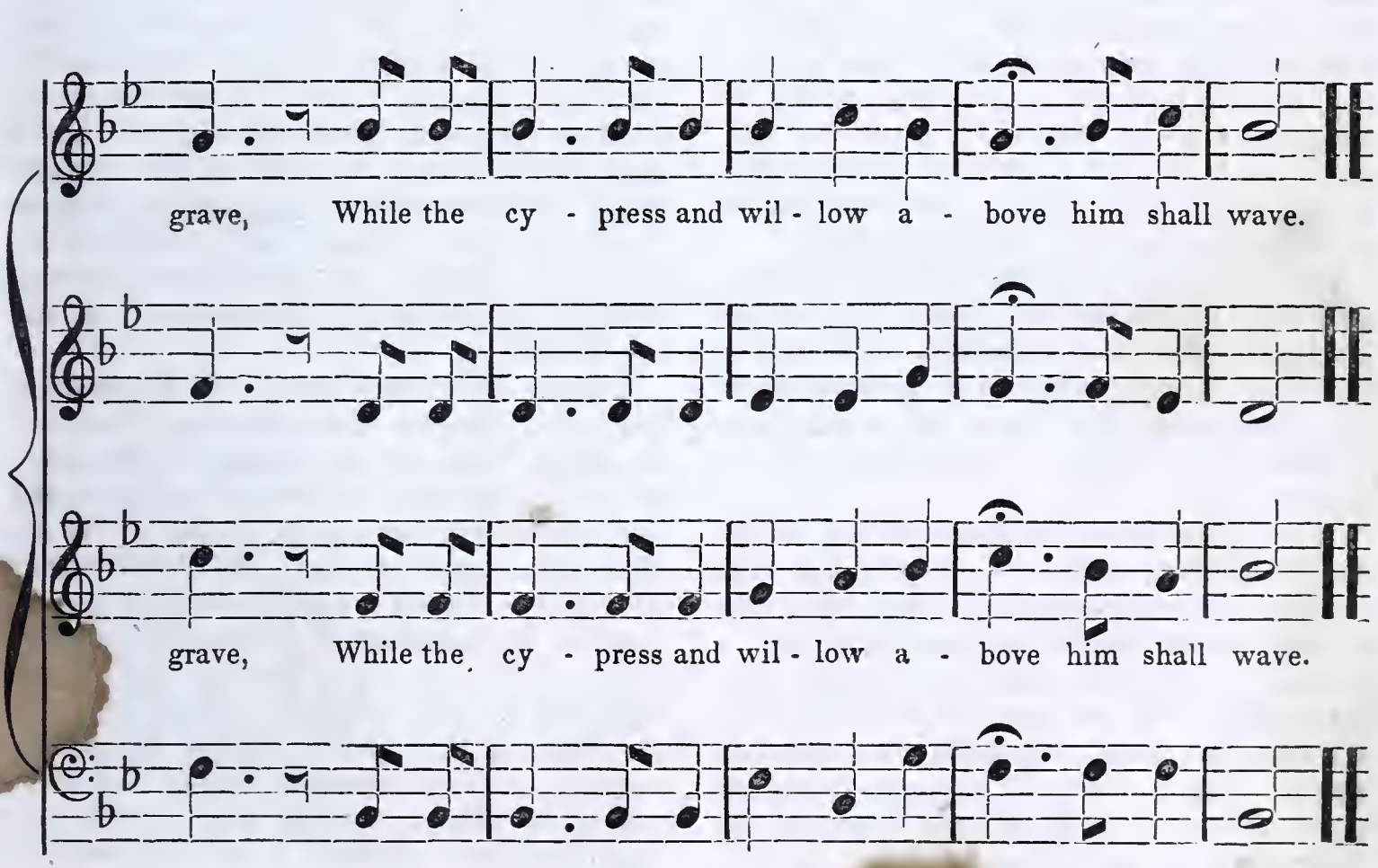
Soprano.

1. Ah! breathe one sad sigh o'er the tomb of the

Basso.

blest, His mu - sic has ceased, he has gone to his

blest, His mu - sic has ceased, he has gone to his



2. His sweet voice is hushed, its music has fled,
In silence he sleeps 'mid the mouldering dead,
And the daughters of music in sadness shall weep,
For the friend of their harmony sleeps his last sleep.

3. Exalt the sad strain, each flower, shrub and bird,
Let it float far aloft, till in heaven 'tis heard,
Till the angels of God, free from aught of alloy,
Shall change the sad chorus to anthems of joy.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, by Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D.—Mr. Robert Carter, 58 Canal street, has just published another of these delightful volumes, which completes the series. The present volume treats of Autumn, and besides containing various details of autumnal appearances, produce, &c., is largely and judiciously occupied with the general results of that remarkable system which pervades animated nature. The wisdom and goodness of this system consists in its admirable adaption to the circumstances and condition of fallen man. The problem, observes the author, has been said to be, "matter being given to construct a world," but more truly the problem was, human nature being given, to construct a system by which the bodily and mental faculties should be developed and carried forward to perfection, and mind should be exhibited meanwhile in all its various phases. In the arrangements and operations of Providence, this problem has been solved. Man is subjected to wants in order to stimulate his dormant powers; and while nature, yielding to his judicious labors, is made to supply these wants, new wants are created, and the stimulus to continued exertion is increased. Again nature is propitious, and again new wants arise; and thus man is urged forward from improvement to improvement in an increasing ratio and interminable series.

This work, now completed, forms a treasury of facts of the highest interest, applied with tact and judgment to the author's purpose. The style is eminently pleasing, and the deep devotional feeling pervading the whole can scarcely fail to communicate a healthful glow to the heart of the reader.

Works of the Puritan Divines.—Wiley & Putnam, New York.—The third volume of a uniform series of works which are being reproduced in England and the United States, embraces a Memoir of Rev. John Howe, one of the choice spirits of the 17th century, and a collection of several of his most remarkable discourses and essays. The character of this great and good man's writings is happily too well known in this country to need our praise. We hope to hear that this series of publications is sustained by the reflecting and the serious.

The Evils suffered by American Women and American Children: the Causes and the Remedy, in an Address by Miss C. E. Beecher. Also an Address to the Protestant Clergy of the United States. Just published by the Messrs. Harper, New York. This publication is designed to call attention to the great want of the means of common education to the children of this country, and to secure associated effort in fitting and sending forth to all parts of the country not provided for, suitable female teachers, under the direction of the Society for Promoting National Education, located at Cincinnati. Miss B. presents an array of startling facts illustrative of our destitution even in such a State as New York, and her plan for meeting the exigency, while it promises well for the rising generation, suggests a practicable method of affording dignified and useful employment to multitudes of worthy females, who are now scarcely able to keep body and soul together by the proceeds of long and toilsome labors with the needle. It is computed that there are in the city of New York alone, 10,000 females compelled to live by their needles, many of whom receive but about a shilling a day. By the scheme of education proposed, thousands of these females would, before long, be qualified for, and engaged in, the honorable work of teaching the young in every American village and neighborhood. This book deserves the attention of philanthropists and patriots, and especially of American ladies.

Temper and Temperament; or Varieties of Character. By Mrs. Ellis, author of Women of England. New York: Harper & Brothers. Mrs. Ellis has many readers and admirers, and this volume will increase the number. The design of the story is excellent. In its delineations of character, it aims to show its varieties and the peculiar requirements of different dispositions. But temperament may be modified and temper improved by early religious culture, and it is the object of Mrs. Ellis to enforce the importance of all those lessons of wisdom that grow out of the subject; not the least of which is that charity that endureth, hopeth, believeth all things.